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FROM

LONDON TO THE LAKES:

CONTAINING

NATURAL, ŒCONOMICAL,

AND

LITERARY OBSERVATIONS,

Made in the Summer of 1791.

By A GENTLEMAN.

LONDON:

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1792.



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TOUR TO THE LAKES.

LETTER I.

DEAR SIR,

Oxford, July 13, 1791.

AGREEABLE to my promise, I shall send you an account of my Tour to the Lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland, though I fear, if nothing better offers than has this day, my correspondence will not be much worth your cultivation.

Through the level well-known road to Uxbridge, nothing struck me but the cracks in the ground, occasioned by the late dry weather—the clay seems dried to a brick; and how the poor corn can push its roots through such a substance is above my comprehension!—The power of ve-

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getable life I know is prodigious, as I have known the side of a house damaged by the root of a tree; and the efforts which vegetables will make for a subsistence is almost equal to the sagacity of animals.—A striking instance of this I saw in a wood near the beautiful seat of Sir John Dashwood, at West-Wycombe; Here the road was cut so deep, that the roots of the trees stuck through the overhanging soil into the air on each side the road. Trees left in such distressing circumstances had need of every effort; accordingly the roots had shot out long fibres to catch the soil below, and numbers had been successful. This I call the instinct of plants; and the manner in which *tendrils* will lean towards a support—the manner in which *flowers* turn themselves towards the sun, and shut themselves from the rain—the manner in which *branches* shoot towards the open side of a wood, and many other circumstances, seem to prove that there is an instinct in vegetables.

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But to return—After crossing the watery vale of Uxbridge, we enter a fine diversity of country—hill and dale, wood and water, alternately solicit with novelty. The wood topped hills relieve the vallies; and high-dressed pleasure-grounds contrast with well cultivated farms. In this fine range of hills (running from Maidenhead Thicket through the long county of Bucks) are situated many elegant seats. We passed one belonging to the Duke of Portland, whose park incloses several of those hills, all clothed with wood in a stile worthy of the celebrated Browne. The mottled deer and large cattle demonstrate the goodness of the soil, as well as the smooth verdure of the vallies. My black mirror presented me with many beautiful landscapes in this park, that a Claude might not have disdained to copy.

West-Wycombe, the tasteful seat of Sir John Dashwood, next attracted our attention. Nature has done much here,

and Art more; but alas! the pleasure of seeing such luxurious scenes is much chastised by the neglect one sees on all sides and in all parts of this elegant retreat. Neither Art nor Nature will remain perfect, without the pruning hand of Taste and Industry; yet is the taste of the founder of this delicious place still evident, even in its tendency to ruin. The half-hid *facade* on the hill—the clumps on its sides—its lawns speckled with sheep—the luxurious feathering of the trees, clustering in some places into dark recesses, in others scattered over the smooth slopes, and bellying into the serpentine elegancies of Hogarth's line of beauty—these beauties are not yet defaced, nor can they be forgot while the prints of this sweet place shall exist!

Like the devices we read of in Sir William Chambers's *Oriental Gardening*, we experience light and shade in making our way into and out of woods of lime-trees, till we arrive in one so thick,
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dark, and long, that the mind is apt to picture the spreading arms of trees into the arms and legs of desperate assassins or lurking banditti!—when all at once the scene opens into a wide plain, too extended to see it terminate but with the sky. This beheld from the top of Stoken-Church Hill (the verge of that range just mentioned) fills the mind like the ocean seen from a promontory!

Now the scene changes from the Sylvan to the rich domains of Ceres. The land is but a thin mantle, covering a bed of chalk, but finely pulverised by the hand of industry. After some time it changes to clay, and near Oxford the clay hardens into a thin, laminated, crumbly stone, inclosing many marine productions, particularly the *Nautilus* and *Cornu Ammonis*. Attention to these is now drawn off by the domes and spires of Oxford. The turrets multiply into a coralline wood, and mixing with the tall trees of the gardens, form a view totally unlike any town in the three kingdoms.

The entrance is stately, over a bridge of beautiful architecture. Magdalen's "Learned Grove," as Pope calls it, gives a pleasing obscurity to the Gothic and Grecian Architecture of that College; and to the left you have a view of the stately entrance to the Physic Gardens, now kept in excellent order, and greatly improved under the care and skill of Dr. Sythorpe; and the high street is the most picturesque of all the streets I ever beheld!

The Tour of the Colleges has been so often written, and so often read, that I fear little information could flow from my pen on that head.

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LETTER. II.

DEAR SIR,

Oxford, July 15, 1791.

I CANNOT pass' through Oxford without a few remarks upon the progress of the Arts in this antient University. The Sculpture of the older Colleges exhibits the gross taste of our ancestors in both a clumsy and a ludicrous light. The statues are mis-shapen—the altos coarse and ill-defined—and the grimaces ludicrous, obscene, and void of fancy! About the reign of the First James, a glimpse had been obtained of Grecian Architecture, and it is curious to observe how it began to interweave itself with the taste of that period, as many of the tall gate-ways of the Colleges prove; where, in imitation of what had been seen at Rome, the Doric sustains the bottom story; then follows the Ionic, next the Corinthian, and last or uppermost the Composite; and yet these are interlarded with Gothic or more rude or-

naments, and make a motley medley of all kinds of architecture, particularly at Christ Church, where the venerable and splendored are contrasted in the antique *facade* and the new square called Peckwater. At last, however, the Grecian has prevailed, and many more elegant specimens are to be seen in Oxford. This must not be considered as universal. Many judicious conformities are made, and are now making, to the genius of the Gothic buildings in their repairs or additions; some of these (of artificial stone) exceed the laboured originals.

Painting has also stepped forward by gradations very similar. The stiff broad-shouldered portraits of the fifteenth century—the legendary incidents that impudently assumed the name of History in that period, have gradually given way to good sense and nature; and instead of distorted figures covered with glaring colours in their windows, we see a *Nativity* by Jervais, equal (perhaps superior in effect) to any on canvas.

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Music has still made farther strides towards perfection. Vulgar annual songs were once considered as almost a part of the institution. Handel's portrait is now to be seen among the pages of the Bodleian repository, and his music is enjoyed, well understood, and even performed by thousands in the University! Can any thing exhibit the improved taste in that divine science so justly, as the degree just given to the modest Haydn by the University—this musical Shakespear—this musical Drawcanfir, who can equal the strains of a Cherub, and enchant in all the gradations between those and a ballad—a genius whose versatality comprehends all the powers of harmony, and all the energy, pathos and passion of melody!—who can stun with thunder, or warble with a bird! For the honour of the University be it known, that this honour was conferred without the form of examination, and indeed such transcendent merit deserved the liberal compliment in the way it was conferred.

Would to God I could say as much for a science I love!—Must Astronomy, which recognizes the whole universe, be more limited in the liberality of its Professors than the sensual Arts? How much do I pity the smallest retainer to that first of human attainments who can be influenced by collegiate pride, or the gloomy seclusions of a Monk! No more. I scorn to be a second time denied the sight of an Observatory by excuses, let them be ever so plausible.

Politeness, however, is not wanting at Oxford in general. A cluster of acquaintances accompanied me to see every thing rare or extraordinary, and there was much to see!—Much indeed I had seen before, but the inquisitive can never exhaust variety in this City.

Christ bearing his Cross (said to be Guido), in Magdalen College, is an expressive figure, characteristic of his divinity and passion, stooping under a bodily and mental burthen, his depressed countenance

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nance still more depressed by the bloody sweat; though is not much excited by the crown of thorns, it seems to fit the head so very well. The other victims and the guards are at such a distance, that Christ might have escaped, if it had not been necessary to universal salvation that he should be crucified.

Christ reproving the Woman, by Mengs, is a tolerable specimen of the works of that artist, though much inferior to many of his in Rome.

The two candlesticks of eight feet high (the parts dug out of the ruins of Adrian's Villa near Tivoli) in the Radcliffe Library, are fine specimens of antient art, and almost equal to those in the Vatican.

Judge Blackstone, by Bacon, in the Hall of All Souls, of which he was a shining ornament, is a masterly statue—though a Judge's robes look not so well in marble as the toga of the Romans.

Gardens here are in various styles, and as their size could not admit of much variety *singly*, the *general* variety compensates more than sufficiently; for no two are alike. Here are excellent specimens of English, French, Italian, and even Spanish Gardening. The sequestered vista certainly claims peculiar propriety here, though fashion pronounces it formal and unnatural. Be it so; yet I am Goth enough to think "Magdalen's learned Grove," and the serpentine walk along the meadow on the banks of the Cherwell and the Isis (made at an immense expence, and kept in the nicest order) belonging to Christ Church College, two of the most agreeable walks in this kingdom.

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LETTER III.

DEAR SIR,

FROM Oxford to Blenheim the country opens into rich, but not picturesque beauty ; the soil a thin clay—the stones flat and crumbly. Blenheim is certainly a magnificent seat at a distance, viewed *en gros* ; we become undeceived in the approach ; the incongruous parts jumble into a vast but not a pleasing whole. The heavy architect had a mind to display all his powers ; but, like a mechanic belumbered by a multitude of tools, he has taken up the chissel where he should have used a hammer, and thrown together a number of parts, without what painters would call *keeping*, or musicians *modulation*. The parts do certainly not assimilate. What business have Italian balconies on the top of an English Palace ? In Italy the climate demands them ; but when do we visit the tops of our houses in quest of cool air ?

The

The vestibule, however, forms a striking entrance ; but I fear more from its size and painting than the device of its architecture.

The rooms and paintings are so well known, that description is unnecessary. The library is broken by a number of inellegant marble masses, principally pilasters, by far too strong for what they have to support : the statue of Queen Anne, at one end of it, is a majestic though stiff figure ; but that it was by *her* munificence (as expressed on the pedestal) that the family owe the possession of Blenheim, is rather an extraordinary intimation, because I think it is generally understood that it was the Nation at large who paid *John Duke of Marlborough* and his posterity this princely compliment.

The gardens exhibit a great variety of delightful views ! The extensive water which fills a wide and winding valley, loses itself in several smaller vallies, so as
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to give an idea of vast and indeterminate extent ! The round inequality of ground both in the park and gardens, here covered with venerable woods, and there with beautiful cattle ; the temples—the historical column—the bridge—the village of Woodstock, all together form a variety of scenery which at once warms the heart and enchants the eye !

Leaving this delightful seat, we enter an open country, where so few houses, villages, or farms appear, that one stands astonished where the people come from to cultivate such extensive plains. This circumstance I have often observed both in England and France, that the best cultivated corn-countries are always the most thinly inhabited.

Shall we pass through Stratford without bowing at the shrine of Shakespeare ? Every Muse forbids it ! We sat in his chair ; we read his anathema upon the wight who should remove his bones, engraven on a plain stone, over his
grave,

grave, in the chancel of the church; above which we could not but execrate a painted bust, a bold-looking unlikeness, that disgraces the hallowed earth below.

The ferruginous soil now begins to indicate our approach to the regions of Vulcan; good houses—small inclosures—population and smoke, make the indication still stronger, till Birmingham makes its appearance in smoky majesty, covering two large hills, and as many vallies, with dark red ill-fashioned houses. But this casing (like the encrusted diamond) incloses gems of inestimable value—the roughest materials are here made to rival the productions of Golconda—iron seems to be handled like soft clay, and all the elements are called in and yield their assistance at the command of Art!

Soho is *Birmingham* in miniature. On this small spot is accumulated the improvements of ages. Here is the advance guard of an army of artists pressing

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ing forward to scale the summit of perfection. Alas! why should Ingenuity and Science be yet contaminated with the illiberal alloy of Bigotry and Intolerance? Can the spirited Artist descend to be the tool of Faction? Shall a town that astonishes a World harbour the Demon of Outrage? But two hours before the mischief alluded to began, I left the town, when no symptoms were visible of what happened on the night of July the 14th.

The road to Litchfield affords little variety. The little triple-spired cathedral is a good object, viewed on any side, but particularly in front, when the three spires seem in a line. But the ferruginous freestone, of which the church is built, is so mouldered away, that the statuary and carving is all obliterated. This town will long remain famous for having produced a Johnson and a Garrick. The Muses seem unwilling to leave it: the Poetess, Seward, and the Antiquarian, Green, keep up its reputation.

We

We now enter the beautiful vale of Trent, leading almost from Litchfield to Newcastle-under-line. The first seat that decorates this charming valley is Beau Desert, belonging to the Earl of Uxbridge: it merits its name—it is a paradise undrest!—the house a giant, standing on an eminence, and looking over a pigmy world. Had nature been as liberal in water, as in the other requisites of beauty, this place would laugh at Browne, as a person in health would despise a meddling physician.

The seats of Lord Donnegal, Sir Edward Littleton, Lord Talbot, Lord Harrowby, and the Marquis of Stafford, enrich the sides of this sweet vale alternately—and the Trent lingers through the rich groves and pastures, unwilling to leave its child, the Canal, called the Grand Trunk, which unites the Severn, the Trent, and the Weaver. Iron still continues to pervade the soil, and gives it the red colour which it gives to common bricks.

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Near the head of the vale, seams of coal break out, and columns of smoke proclaim the neighbourhood of Etruria, the celebrated pottery of the ingenious Mr. Wedgwood. Here we have a colony raised in a desert,—where clay-built man subsists on clay, and where he seems to want nothing but the power of Prometheus to copy himself in that material. —How prolific is art! How far beyond numeration the forms into which this material is turned both for use and ornament! The vases of antient Etruria are outdone in this pottery. Taste makes even the petuntze of China unnecessary here; and in vain does the gilding of Dresden and St. Cloud endeavour to make the eye deceive the judgment.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

DEAR SIR,

Litchfield, July 19, 1791.

TALK-ON-THE-HILL displays the whole county of Chester like a flat wood beneath our feet. The Lancashire mountains on the right, and those of Wales on the left, bound the plain: This view is more extensive than beautiful; neither town, village, nor house, break the uniformity of this scene: indeed the counties of Chester and Lancaster seem the last part of Britain that “rose out” of the azure main;” and accordingly the soil in both is but a thin sward spread over a bed of sea-sand. We are indebted to this sward, however, and the superabundant rain that keeps it always moist, for the finest cheese in the world. Why then should we repine at the moist atmosphere that covers our island? Were we in the moon, our telescopes would shew us that this island is more green than any spot on the face of the earth. This verdure

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we owe to rain; in consequence, our horses, cattle, sheep (nay, I am proud to say the human animal) exceed those of any other country.

Indeed, these two counties seem to have more than their share of this useful element; for the mountains that separate them from Yorkshire stop the western clouds from the Atlantic Ocean, and by rain-gages it is found that at least one-third more rain falls in Lancashire than Yorkshire (surface for surface) upon an average made from many years observation. The breed of horned cattle of Cheshire, however, are much inferior to those of Lancashire, though they produce better cheese. A cow at best is but an unwieldy and clumsy animal; but in Lancashire she has wide serpentine horns—a belly as light as a horse—beautifully spotted, or uniformly streaked from the back bone on each side: in short, a Lancashire cow may really be called a beautiful animal.

It

It would be well if a traveller could sleep during his passage through Cheshire, but that the rough paved road effectually forbids. He will be in some measure rewarded for his fatigue, if he makes a digression by Middlewich, and has courage to descend into the Salt Mines. A stratum of salt rock will there astonish him about sixty yards beneath the surface, of unknown extent, that, excepting some earthly and other heterogenous matter mixed with it, may be considered as a bed of real marine or table salt.

Water issuing through this bed dissolves the salts, and becomes a brine of great strength, is drawn up to the surface, and after evaporation becomes the fine crystalline basket salt of the table. The rock itself is also a great commercial object, being sent to Liverpool in huge blocks, where it serves as ballast to returning ships, instead of stones; and as it dissolves in sea water, it makes it a brine capable of yielding twice the quantity of salt the water would without it—
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Coals are also used as ballast from Liverpool. These two articles for back carriage give this port a decided superiority over all others in the kingdom; besides, its imports being distributed in the country by canal navigation, is another of its fortuitous advantages. No wonder, therefore, from the spirit of enterprize in its inhabitants, that it has made a more rapid progress in building and improvements than any other part of the three kingdoms, except the capital.

Little improvements can be seen near the road leading through Cheshire—the grass farms, and wooden thatched houses, are just what I remember forty years ago, only they look a little older.

In descending the hill of Talk, we cross the Grand Canal near the Hare Castle, where it enters, and passes thro' the mountain which separates Cheshire from

from Staffordshire. This tunnel I did not explore, but was told it was above a mile in length, arched all round.

Knutsford is a pretty little town, and has a great many handsome seats in its neighbourhood, but picturesque beauty must not be looked for in a flat country—the views can but extend over a few fields being intercepted by dwarf oaks which stand thick in the fences, and make the country look like one great wood. The late Lord Warrington, however, planted some millions of oaks in his estate of Durham Massey, that have made such a progress in growth during the last fifty years, that may soon be large enough to run into the sea, and be a noble addition to our naval strength.

The silk mills of this place, Macclesfield, &c. are principally converted into cotton mills, that material having so far taken the lead of silk in the fashion of the present time : but it is impossible so many mills should find employment for
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any length of time, for there is scarcely a stream that will turn a wheel through the North of England that has not a cotton-mill upon it. At present they are fully employed, and long may they continue so!—but this I much fear.

At Warrington we enter Lancashire, the country of industry and spirit! This town has long been famous for its manufactory of fail-cloth, but boast no great beauty in either building or situation. Its damp situation is indicated by vast poplar trees, that aquatic which delights in bogs and ditches.

The progress of improvement in the high roads of this country, affords matter for curiosity.—For many ages, and to the middle of this century, a causeway of above two feet broad, paved with round pebbles, was all that man or horse could travel upon, particularly in the winter season, through both these counties! This causeway was guarded by posts at a proper distance to keep carts off it, and
C the

the open part of the road was generally impassable in the winter from the mire deep ruts.

As trade increased, and turpikes became general, the ruts were filled with pebbles and cinders; but still in winter no coach or chaise durst venture through them. Indictments and law-suits at last produced a broad pavement, which would suffer two carriages to pass each other, and this was thought the ultimate perfection that a country without gravel could go to, and the narrow pavement became covered with grass. In this state the roads have continued many years, to the great profit of the coach-maker, and the cure of indigestion: but now both the broad and narrow pavements are pulling up, the pebbles breaking into small pieces, and their interstices filling up with sand. So far as this method has proceeded, the roads are become as good as in any part of England; and no doubt the utility will soon become general, enforced by so spirited and liberal a people as inhabit these counties.

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The spirit of ancient hospitality lingered in the county of Chester long after it had forsaken the rest of the kingdom: the open manly character of our forefathers is still visible here. For many of the numerous old families of this country were attached to the Stuart Family, and for two reigns never came near the Court. Living therefore on their own estates; cultivating good neighbourhood; regaling after a fatiguing fox-chace on strong ale, roast-beef, and toasted cheese; and meeting with much good humour at a neighbouring bowling-green, constituted their routine of amusement, ere politeness, self, and heavy taxes crept in among them. Happy times, and happy people! Your country associates in my mind the many jolly days I have formerly spent among you,

I am, &c.

LETTER V.

DEAR SIR,

July 23, 1791.

FROM Warrington we proceeded to the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal, sailing over roads and rivers, till we arrived at Worsley, where it enters the earth. In a long narrow boat we are pushed up this subterraneous passage (just wide enough for the boat) above a mile, when we arrive at the place where the colliers are working. Several other passages lead from this principal one into different parts of the mountain, and recesses cut in the rock suffer one boat to pass another. In this singular voyage it is almost impossible to believe oneself in motion—the rocky passage arched with brick, seems to be flying from you, and makes the head dizzy; and in returning, the distant entrance looks like a bright star. After passing an hour in darkness (only broken by

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small taper), the light becomes too brilliant for the eye—every object shines with uncommon splendour, till we re-pass Barton-bridge, where vessels navigating the Irwell pass under those navigating the Canal. This is truly a singular sight! an idea of which might be conceived from supposing a number of sloops sailing along the road part of Westminster-bridge, while others were sailing under it. Manchester now appears—and the prospect changes with every turn of the Canal. The social boat has its compartments like the treck schoots of Holland, where the price is according to the accommodation, and may be open or under cover, as the passenger pleases.

The use of this Canal is two-fold. Being on a level with the bed of coal, they are dug and conveyed at so easy an expence, as to be profitable to the owner, and cheap to the consumer—this is one object. The other is, the conveyance of goods and passengers between

the popular towns of Manchester and Liverpool. The weirs to carry off superfluous water—the gates by which parts of the Canal may be emptied without affecting the rest—the puddled banks impervious to water—the cranes and other mechanical devices about this useful and ingenious work, reflect the highest lustre on the abilities of Brindley, as well as the Duke, who is well known to have been the contriver of many devices in this noble work that are attributed to Brindley.

Manchester is a well built town—doubled in the size the last thirty years—more than doubled in the number of its inhabitants—and enriched by the cotton manufactory beyond the powers of calculation!—To such perfection has the spinning of cotton by machinery arrived, that I had this incredible circumstance assured to me from one of the first manufacturers in that line, viz. that one pound of raw cotton had (for a wager) been spun into three hundred and

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and fifty six hanks, each hank containing 840 yards; so that the thread produced from this pound of cotton would have reached $169\frac{1}{2}\frac{3}{8}$ miles! This is much finer than any thread produced in India; and of course, if the cotton of the West was equal to that of the East-Indies, our muslins would exceed those of Indostan. We make out by ingenuity, however, what we want in fineness of material, for the fancy displayed in our printed cottons is unrivalled, and has (with cheapness) established the manufacture beyond that of silk, wool, flax, &c. To enumerate the cotton fabrics under the denomination of velvets, fustians, checks, printed cottons, muslins, &c. would be to count the sands of the sea; and though so much of the business is performed by water machinery, there is still business enough for all ages and numbers, from four years old to fourscore.

To see barren hills and vallies laugh
and sing under the influence of an auspicious

spicious trade, must give the benevolent heart the most agreeable sensations. Villages swarming with strong, healthy, and beautiful children, well fed, though they may at this time of the year despise shoes and stockings, is another instance; for these may be considered as the offspring of trade—handsome country houses on every hill, elegantly furnished, and surrounded by as elegant pleasure grounds—and a great part of the old pulled down to make room for spacious and ornamental mansions—these are thy blessings, O Commerce!—These are thy rewards, O Industry!

The collegiate church of Manchester, a large Gothic pile, is a striking feature in the view of the town, and stands on a bold eminence. The ancient Monastery is converted into an excellent Free School—an Hospital where sixty boys are educated and maintained—and a library almost equal to the Bodleian, in number of books, rare MS. and with a fund for adding every thing excellent to
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it in modern literature. These books are lent out to the inhabitants. The infirmary, the Exchange, the Theatre, Music-rooms, and the New Jail with solitary cells, are all worthy the inspection of a traveller. Scarce any vestiges remain of the Roman station called Mancunia; it is situated at one termination of the town, and of the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal.

I am, &c.

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LETTER

LETTER VI.

DEAR SIR,

Lancaster, July 28, 1791.

FROM Manchester to Wigan, we pass through a rich and populous country—the rich foliage of the hedges and trees, however, not equal to that of the south, all leaning from the west by the spray of the sea.

Wigan is not much increased in building these last thirty years. Its corporation feuds have moderated into peace, but the electors doubtless have discovered that beating out of brains did not contribute to the honesty or worth of the Elected. That excellent coal called *Cannel* is got under the town and in its neighbourhood in great abundance. Besides making the most brilliant fire, this coal is capable of being turned into snuff-boxes and many other useful and ornamental toys. Many families have a Cannel-pit in the court-yard; and when they

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are in want of coals they send down a collier, who will dig as many in a few hours as will serve the family many months:—the pit is then shut up.

The small river called the Douglas has been many years turned into a canal, and now joins that intended to make a water-communication between Liverpool and Hull. This makes Liverpool a coal-port. The two ends of this canal are only finished, viz. that on the Yorkshire side, from Leeds to Skipton; and on the Lancashire side from Liverpool to the neighbourhood of Preston. The mountains that intervene will be difficult to pass, though the matter is now in serious contemplation, and what cannot be atchieved by the public spirit of this part of the country? A branch of this canal is also intended from Preston to Lancaster, and from thence to Kendal.

Wigan has produced many excellent self-taught mechanics. Dick Melling simplified the steam-engine; gave a
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wind-

wind-mill an equable motion, and the means of turning itself to the wind. His bucket-engine drained a valuable Cannel-mine for many years at a small expence; and many other contrivances of his challenge equal merit in simplicity and effect.

Mr. Barker of this place was so many years the only maker of steel cross-bows, and also of the best fowling-pieces in the kingdom. Indeed, the machinery necessary in such extensive coal-works has called forth the genius and invention of many more mechanics, that do honour to human abilities.

The road through Chorley to Preston contains nothing very interesting: Rivington Pike is a good object, on the right; a smooth and lofty mountain, with a summer-house on its summit.

Preston stands on a sweet eminence above the Ribble, and its approach thro' the

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the village of Walton is very beautiful. Sir Harry Hoghton's, near this village, though in a low situation, is an handsome feat, and the Belvedere above is a fine object. Hoghton Tower (the original feat of the Hoghtons) frowns on a distant mountain;—it seems the guardian of the valley below. This valley contained the cotton and other works of Livesey and Co. whose failure a few years ago made such an eruption in the world of trade.

Up the hill, where General Wills attacked the Rebels, in 1715, we enter Preston, the most beautiful town in the north of England.—From the number of genteel families with which this town formerly abounded it got the epithet of proud. Trade and manufactures have made a revolution in this matter, as aristocratic ideas do not assimilate well with the clacking of looms, or the hum of spinning wheels. Instead of cards, therefore, for killing time, cards are used by which thousands may live. Every
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twenty-one years a Jubilee or Guild takes place here, which assembles all the families of the county. It consists of processions, balls, assemblies, concerts, plays, &c. The Ladies' procession includes the very essence of Beauty, as this county produces the finest complexions in the world;—it lasts twelve days, in a continued round of festivity, if those vermin called *Adventurers* and *Blacklegs* (those pests of public meetings) did not tarnish the solemnity.

The beautiful walk of Evenham on a high bank above the Ribble, forms part of the elegant environs of this town as do the woods of Tulketh, Penwortham, &c.

The road to Lancaster has the flat called the Fild on the left, and ill-shaped mountains on the right. The road is excellent, and the approach to the town the most striking of any in the kingdom. The Castle and the Church on a fine hill uniting as it were in one immense and
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finely broken building, breaks upon the eye all at once, at the most fortunate distance. But as I shall appropriate another letter to the description of this place, I shall conclude this with assuring you how much I am

Your humble servant, &c.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

DEAR SIR, *Lancaster, July 28, 1791:*

IN my last I endeavoured to give you some idea of the striking appearance of this ancient Borough, when seen about a mile off on the London road. The huge square tower of the Castle is picturesquely broken by the intervention of smaller ones; the fine tower of the church also seems part of the assemblage, and both these being on the summit of an high hill, with the town falling on an easy slope down the sides of it, makes a group that impresses the idea of a more stately town than we find it. Every thing, however, both without and within doors, is neat and clean to a proverb. Not that it is so because there is nothing to dirt it—considerable bustle is occasioned by an extensive West-India Trade, which employs fifty sail of ships, many of 300 tons burthen, which can float

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float close to the side of the town. An extensive wet dock near the mouth of the Lune will admit ships of the largest burthen.

The imports here are principally rum and cotton; and the exports, provisions and mahogany furniture; in the taste and elegance of the latter they are scarcely equally in the capital. Ship-building also employs a great number of hands—and stouter ships are said to be built here than in any other port in the kingdom. Cotton-mills, cotton weaving, bleaching and stamping, also employ many in the town and neighbourhood; as well as spinning and weaving sail-cloth.—Hence much of the rough stone buildings have made room for elegant houses of beautiful hewn stone: beautiful, I say, because it is variegated with streaks of feruginous earth, so as to represent landscapes, foliage, &c. that give the houses a very singular appearance. Of this stone was built an handsome Town-hall; under which and its
massy

massy portico the market-people find good shelter : the strength of the pillars may perhaps be excused from their having a large temple-like turret to support besides the usual pediment. This idea in Architecture is new to me, and it has a good effect.

The new bridge does great honour to the Architect, and to the munificence of the county.—It consists of five large and equal arches, over which the road is a strait line, so the ascent is at each end only: the arches are a flat oval; hence it has much the appearance of the light Cycloidal bridge over the Arno in Florence. The pressure on the buttress of the arches is judiciously taken off (or rather brought to balance the rest) by large perforations over each pier, like those in the broken bridge of the Via Sacra at Rome — These perforations have their entrance decorated with a pediment supported by two Doric pillars; and the ballustrade of turned stone. In short, I think this the most beautiful bridge, for its size, of any in England.

The

The old church is a large Gothic structure, which, with its steeple, and the Castle, makes a useful sea-mark.

The Castle is now the county prison, and large additions are making to it, consisting of solitary cells that may accommodate above an hundred prisoners. This useful regulation (now growing so universal) it is to be hoped, may be the means of preventing crimes: for it is certainly more consistent with the wisdom and humanity of a state to prevent rather than punish crimes. But, indeed, it is a satire upon either our laws, or the morality of our times, that such novel regulations are necessary. These additions will break the huge masses of the old Castle into a more elegant appearance, when finished.

The gate-way of this ancient structure consists of two octagonal towers of vast size; which the gate itself and the curtain over it unites, with the usual opening for a portcullis. These two
towers

towers have their top-projecting turrets in perfect preservation, by which the besieged, in former times, could annoy an enemy (endeavouring to break through the wall) with great stones, scalding-water, &c. and be perfectly secure themselves.

The towers of the Castle (about a bow-shot distance from each other) with the curtains that go between each, inclose about two acres of space: In this is included the vast square tower which contains the Shire-Hall, &c. and on the top of which, in a corner turret, is a square recess called John of Gaunt's Chair. From this alarming height the prospect is diversified beyond description! The great bay or inlet called Lancaster Sands seems spread out like an immense lake setting the Alpine mountains north of it at a proper distance for exciting wonder in those who have been used to a flat country. Blackcoomb rises from the sea on the left, with round Majesty; and the flat well-cultivated pen-

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peninsula of Furness makes a good foreground to it.

Further to the left appears Peele Castle sticking out of the sea like a man's nose. Turning to the right, Langdale Pikes, Hill Bell, &c. indent the horizon with grand and broken masses very like the Tyrolean Alps, as seen over Lake Constance. More to the right the *Panorama* softens into cultivated hills and vallies, here and there overlooked by frowning eminences, such as Ingleborough, Farleton, Knott, &c.——From these the country inclines downward from the dead flat, called the Fild, which makes a curious contrast with the Bay, one being an expanse of water, the other of wood, farther than the eye can see. Bending the eye still more downward, the town is seen beneath our feet more like the map of a town than the town itself. The winding river and the two bridges diversify this view.

From

From this giddy height we descend to examine the antiquity, and progressive increase of this huge pile of building. It is almost unnecessary to say, that the names of places which end with *caster* or *cester* were originally Roman towns or stations. They were generally situated on eminences, and if those eminences were surrounded nearly by a river so much the better. This is precisely the case here, the Lune or Lod (for so it was anciently called, and the country people call the town Lancaster to this day) winds round the hills on which the Castle and church stand, and on which was the station; the remains of which are yet visible in a double vallum that winds round the hill; and a round tower (now incorporated in the Castle, and called the Dungeon Tower) is said to be a part of it, and built by Adrian about the year of Christ 124.

This tower had the square one called the Shire-hall added to it about the year 305. Constantine (father of Constatine
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the Great) built another tower facing the town, called the Well Tower, from a well under it. After the Norman Conquest, the Castle was considerably enlarged by John Earl of Morton and Lancaster, who contributed much to its grandeur, by erecting the tower called the Gatehouse, very like, and almost as large as the late Bastile. When the Earl became King, he gave audience to the French Ambassador in this very tower; and here also received homage from Alexander King of Scotland, whom he subdued. There were several royal Earls and Dukes of Lancaster before John of Gaunt, who about 1362 married the Heiress of Duke Henry Plantagenet; and Henry of Bolingbroke his son (Henry IV.) united the Lancashire and Yorkshire estates, which were so large and so many, that he was the greatest subject in Europe, as Duke of Lancaster, insomuch that the Chancellorship of this Duchy is among the best things the King of England has in his gift at this day.

I am, &c.

LETTER VIII.

DEAR SIR,

Lancaster, July 29, 1791.

A DIGRESSION from Lancaster up the vale of Lune to Kirby Lonsdale, is one of the most beautiful rides in this country. Hanging woods wind in such convolutions as if to prevent this rapid river getting to the sea; and in many places does it seem to hesitate, and pause in fine sheets. Art also lays obstacles in its way by dams for cotton-mills, corn-mills, forges, &c. It suffers not these interruptions peaceably, but roars in perpetual complaint (never out of hearing) up the whole vale.

Caton lies in the opening of this vale, a straggling hamlet of good houses, and swarming with children, many of whom are sent from the workhouses of London to the cotton-mills of this and other places

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places, and where they can, at a very early period of life, maintain themselves.

The valley consists principally of grass farms, which is certainly a wise conformity to the climate and country: for crops of corn must be very uncertain where so much rain falls, and where the winter sets in so early. Here is, however, some tolerably looking wheat, and the oats and barley are luxuriant. Notwithstanding this, I cannot say but I am almost sorry to see in the North of Lancashire and Westmoreland; lands made arable by great industry, which Nature designed only for breeding of cattle, sheep, &c.—Before the wonderful success of Mr. Bakewell in breeding cattle, this valley (at Borough-Hall, the seat of Mr. Fenwick) produced the largest and most beautiful breed of horned cattle of any in England; and no wonder, for the pastures are the richest I ever beheld:—there is a silkiness in the grass, and a botanical variety in its species, surpassing the fine herbage in the plains of

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Lombardy, that produce the Parmesan Cheefe.

But before we reach this rich part of Lunefdale, we are struck with Hornby Castle, on a fine hill in the middle of the valley. This, like all the ancient seats in the North of England, had defence as well as convenience to be consulted in its construction.—Accordingly an high, strong, and square tower makes a part of every old house. On one corner of that which gives grandeur to the look of Hornby Castle, is placed an octagonal turret, from the windows of which an extensive and variegated prospect opens on three sides. This Castle was built and possessed by the Stanleys, as well as the church below, indicated by inscriptions on both. The Castle is modernized by the addition of a tolerable house, built and enlarged by the notorious Chartres, of lascivious memory, who made this retreat (when the dupes of his usury left the town) the scene of his debaucheries.

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This Castle, the octagonal steeple of the Church, a house with a front of Corinthian pilasters (very like *Maison Quarré* at Nîmes), together with the hanging woods near them, have afforded a fine subject to an ingenious landscape-painter. There is the frustum of a pyramidal stone in the church-yard about seven or eight feet high, with Saxon arches engraven upon it, that looks antique: when whole it must have been near twenty feet high, and proportionably thick, and probably of one stone; but tradition is silent, and no inscription remains upon it.

Kirby-Londsdale (like the Celtic names in Scotland and Wales) has its name indicative of its situation, *i. e.* a church on the side of Lune's Dale. It is a pretty town, and inhabited by genteel people. It stands on a bank or eminence above the Lune, and from its church-yard is a pleasing view of Ingleborough, Londsdale, &c.

I am, &c.

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LETTER

LETTER IX.

DEAR SIR, *Ulverstone, August 8, 1791.*

AT the hazard of our lives we arrived here, having no compass when a thick fog broke in upon us in the middle of Lancaster Sands. Our horses certainly smelt the land, for by them and providence we got safe to it.

These sands form a prodigious bay when the tide is in. The two arms that embrace this bay are the peninsula of Furness on the North, and Roffa Point on the South. The first part of which is crossed in the road to Ulverstone (or what the country people call Ooston) is about eleven miles over; the road is more even than a gravel walk in a garden, and suffers a grand view of the rugged country that furrounds it. We enter the Sands about four miles from Lancaster, and taking a sweep with the
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eye, the first land feature is Farleton Knot, a huge rock as large, and very like the rock of Gibraltar. The various bands of strata of lime-stone that form this mass incline a little to the West; and the uppermost which forms a surface of the mountain (and which surface is exactly like the little ridges on the sand left by a retiring tide), seems a proof that this calcareous heap must have once been under the sea.

Wharton Crag is the next striking feature to the left. The limestone strata which form this round hill, look like so many bandeaux wrapt elegantly round a handsome head.

Then opens Milnthorpe Sand, formed by the Ken, a river which gives name to a well cultivated dale, and to the largest town in Westmoreland. Nature, on this sand, has long spoken in very intelligible language, the wish she had that it should be inclosed. She has planted large patches of grass over thousands of acres, which

only equinoxial tides cover. Now was the Ken diverted from its present course along the side instead of the middle of this sandy bay, the land would soon get the better of the sea, and bank it out (without labour) to a fine sward. Something of this kind has been proposed, I understand, and over ruled; but I venture to prove the project practicable, and that at a small expence.

On the left side of this bay is Castle-head, a seat under a hill of romantic beauty, from whence shoots the peninsula of Cartmell Fell, as far as Humphrey-head, a frowning promontory that has long withstood the buffets of old Ocean, and still defies its utmost fury. At the end of the eleven miles above, we arrived at this promontory, which obstructs our way to Ulverstone; but not without compensation, for it affords a salt chalybeate spring of great salubrity, which is much resorted to in summer, the town of Cartmell, and Hooker, the beautiful seat of Lord George Cavendish.

Having

Having passed this peninsula, eat flounders (called *flook*s) at Flookborough, we again enter the sands, and ride three miles over them before we arrive at Ulverstone. In crossing each of these sands, we cross also two rivers, each something more than half a mile wide. This sounds alarmingly! but it is seldom they are more than a foot deep. Indeed, I have crossed them when we were obliged to open the two doors of the chaise, and let the water run through; but this is seldom the case.

Fatal accidents sometimes happen, and sometimes ludicrous ones. A gentleman's horse was some time ago drowned in crossing one of these rivers too late. The horse floated and the gentleman stuck to him as a wrecked seaman would to a plank. The man and horse were carried up by the tide a considerable way inland, and so near the shore that he tried by the long tail of the horse if he could touch the bottom. No bottom was to be found ;—The tide turned, and the

man and horse began to move towards the main sea!—His heart sunk within him, though he still swam by the assistance of the horse's tail. Several miles was he carried by this uncouth navigation, when once more he was determined to try if he was within soundings. Having fastened one hand in the horse's tail, he plunged into the sea, and think what must have been his feelings when he felt the bottom!—Providence had placed him on a sand bank! He stood up to the chin—the waves went over him—he disengaged himself from his good friend the dead horse, and waited there till the tide forsook the sands, and got safe home.

Anecdotes of this kind are without end in this neighbourhood, but misfortunes seldom happen except by carelessness; so that they should not deter people from crossing the sands; for tho' a singular, it is not an unpleasant ride.

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LETTER X.

DEAR SIR,

Ulverstone, Aug. 8, 1791.

ULVERSTONE is situated on that rich peninsula called Low-Furness, the only part of Lancashire that bears any resemblance to the open parts of the South. Besides corn, it produces that iron ore called *hæmatites*, of such a quality, that no malleable iron can be made from English ore without a mixture of this. It is got at about twenty or thirty yards deep in the ground, lies at a regular stratum, is crumbly, and dyes the fingers of a brick-colour. This ore, and the woods for charcoal, have greatly enriched this country, for they seem made for one another. Hence many iron furnaces and forges are to be met with on this peninsula, and landholders find it almost as profitable to let their grounds grow over with wood as to cultivate them, for every fourteen or fifteen years

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the wood is cut down and charred. These woods agreeably hide the rugged asperities of the mountainous part of this country, and give an air of shelter and warmth to it.

To the Abbey of Furness this whole peninsula belonged.—The Abbey is a ruin in the low and rich part of the neck, but so mutilated, that it is scarce worth a digression of fifteen miles from Ulverstone. It contained a society of Cistercian Monks, who were dissolved at the Reformation.

The ride from Ulverstone to Coniston Lake is through woods and rocks that must astonish and alarm a stranger; but when he arrives at the bottom or foot of the Lake, he will be struck with a scene of such tremendous barrenness as no words can describe. Coniston Fell, Tilberthwaite, &c. seem nothing but rock, and overtop in height, as well as ruggedness, all the mountains on the Lancashire side of Windermere. At the
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bottom of these, and near the head of the Lake, are some pretty inclosures, and better houses than might be expected in such a country. The seat called Coniston Water-head is really a paradise in a desert; and these mountains also produce copper, and the fine blue slate so much esteemed in the capital.

Rising a very steep-hill by the High-crofs, we get a peep at the Lake of Windermere, the paragon of all the Northern Lakes; but first we fall down into Hawkshead, a small market town, where the houses seem as if they had been dancing a country dance, but being all out, they stood still where the dance ended; or, perhaps, like Bunbury's long minuet, in all attitudes. I can compare it to no other place I ever saw! Its situation, however, is pretty—it is in a narrow well-inclosed vale, at the head of a Lake called Ested Water. The town and this lake make very good objects as seen from Belle Mount, the hospitable seat of the worthy and Rev. Mr. Brath-

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waite, whose kindness and hilarity providentially softens the gloom and rigour of the country.

By the side of Efted Lake we approach the end of the mountain called Furness-Fell, which separates this lake from that of Windermere. The crossing of this mountain is truly alpine, steep, rocky, and cut through stone precipices, whose bottom is washed by the lake; so that this approach to the Lake of Windermere terrifies while the view enchants! Instead, therefore, of going (as the road directs) to the ferry, we were instructed to creep along the side of the precipice near a mile, and a few rods above the verge of the Lake, and all at once to turn round and view the landscape. The sun was almost setting, his disk was hid from us by the mountain, so that his rays illumined the Lake, its islands, and the opposite landscape, without being seen himself. Had the best productions of Claud or Salvator been before them must have remained disregarded!

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No pencil ever gave such tints—no fancy ever threw together such an assemblage of the sublime and beautiful! Christian's island seemed under our feet—the other islands like floating woods—the Lake itself, a mirror unruffled by a breath of wind, doubled its cultivated margin, and the woods and mountains, that stand as sentinels over the seats and villages that shelter in the vallies. These vales opened radiantly to our view, exhibiting a foaming river in the bottom, with fields and houses on each side—higher up was the woody region—and above all steep and stupendous mountains! Langdale Pikes are of so singular a shape, that the imagination might easily conceive them to be two huge lions come down from the planet Jupiter, and reposing couchant at the head of the Lake. But my paper will hold no more, I must, therefore, defer further particulars till my next.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

DEAR SIR,

Ulverstone, Aug. 8, 1791.

DESCENDING from this bird's-eye view of the Lake of Windermere, we embark at the ferry for Christian's island. This ferry, by the bye, seems intended by Nature; for two peninsulas (called Nabs here) penetrate the Lake just opposite to one another, and leave a narrow space for the navigation. Embarking then at the ferry, we see from the extreme transparency of the water, what I have found to be the case all round the Lake, viz. that the ground slopes or inclines very gradually into the Lake for a few yards, and all at once becomes a steep brow; so that where the water would scarce reach the knee, the next step might precipitate the bather down a hill of many fathoms deep. This cost two boys their lives a few years ago, who riding a mare into the water in order to divert themselves with the distress of
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her foal, and urging the mare over the edge of the precipice, her fore feet slid down, and the boys tumbling over her head, and clinging to the halter, drowned both themselves and the mare. In some places this lake is 35 fathom deep, but so transparent that I have seen a fish not a pound weight attack a bait at twelve yards deep. The sail to the large island is very charming ! The mountains open into view in varied succession, and almost divert the eye from the cultivated scene we now arrive at.

Christian's island is about a mile in length, but of very unequal width, containing about 40 acres :—hence its shores are beautifully indented, and the present possessor, J. C. CURWEN, Esq. Member for Carlisle, has with good taste conformed to what Nature pointed out, by decorating the verge with shrubbery, and a walk round the whole island, that follows the winding shore. This walk presents so many and such contrasted scenes of wild rocks and rich vallies—of
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barrenness and cultivation—of wood and water—of white villages and black mountains—of abrupt and perpendicular precipices—with round smooth hills streaked with stone fences, inclosing fields of the richest green—that the Tourist spontaneously stops every ten yards, and seems desirous of making a day's journey of the walk round this bewitching island!

Not a breath of wind troubled the Lake this day; it was consequently a mirror, and doubled every beauty, while my convex mirror brought every scene within the compass of a picture. Calypso and her Nymphs surprized the shipwrecked Telemachus with threats, but we were more fortunate on this island; for a beautiful group, including the Lady of the island and her sweet children, came with much politeness, and pressed us to partake of their desert, consisting of grapes, melons, &c. and much we lamented that our time would not permit a compliance with their wishes to detain us a few days.

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In our approach to the house we had an opportunity of judging how much its round figure assimilated with this romantic country, and the singularity of its situation; for its outward figure is that of a tall bee-hive, with the chimneys in the center of its convex roof. This figure, however, is judiciously broken by an elegant portico, near as large, and very like that of St. George's church, Hanover-square. The circular stair-case is in the center of the building, so that radii from this inner to the outer circle make the rooms more square than could be expected in a cylindrical figure. Beside, this figure is well calculated to withstand the storms of this exposed situation, and is a striking feature in the landscape.

We left this delicious seat with regret, and in our passage to Bowness passed by Mr. Curwen's fleet of yachts, sailing-boats, &c. at anchor, which added not a little to the splendor of the scene.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

DEAR SIR,

August 14, 1791.

BOWNESS contains the parish-church of Windermere—a large white structure, that makes a good object in the landscape. Its large east window of stained glass is said to have been saved from the demolition of Furness Abbey: the church must therefore have been built about the reign of Henry VIII. This window exhibits a crucifixion in the centre, of expressive figures, and is in tollerable preservation. This village is situated on a bay of the Lake; and from a hill just above it there is an extensive view of the Lake and its islands, Langdale Pikes—Coniston Fells—Ridal Hall, the seat of Sir Michael Fleming—Cogarth, the large but unfinished seat of the Bishop of Llandaff; and Barigg, a seat much like Ferney, the seat of Voltaire.

Cogarth

Cogarth is an ancient residence of the Phillipsons. The estate reaches some miles on the border of the Lake, consisting of beautiful woods and rich pasture ground. Between the two semi-globular woods is situated the large mansion now building by the Bishop of Landaff. Its site is so little above the level of the Lake, that I should fear the mountain inundations would be apt to pay it a visit. The gardens are draining; but why the house and gardens should be situated in a swamp, when the estate affords situations of every description, this reverend philosopher best knows. The house is well sheltered by woods and mountains on the North—opens finely to the Lake in the front, and which from its length makes a striking object, as seen on and about all parts of the Lake.

Low Wood is only separated from the Lake by the high road leading from Kendal to Ambleside, and is convenient therefore for excursions on the Lake—
boats

boats, lines, and baits, are always ready for fishing, and the game is perch (called *baste* here). This social fish haunts particular places, particularly where an aquatic vegetable grows called *meakin*. This plant grows to be six or eight feet long, in water about ten or twelve feet deep, forming a curious wood. Over this wood the boat is fixed by an anchor, or a great stone fastened to the end of a long rope, and if the fishing-party consists of Ladies and Gentlemen, the sport is excellent: for every one being equipped with a line and hook, on which the bait is hung, a plummet sinks the bait near to the bottom, and the fishers hold the lines in their hands over the side of the boat. If the perch are hungry, perhaps three or four will bite at a time, giving the hand a shake almost equal to an electric-shock; then are they drawn up, and the struggling victims erect their sharp fins, so that the female fishers dare not touch them; squalling and laughter in consequence ensue—she holds her wet captive at arm's length, who sprinkles
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her all over with water, and occasions the most laughable distress ! I know of no pleasanter diversion than to make one of a good humoured fishing party on this Lake !—Sometimes a large pike will follow the captive perch up to the very surface, and even make a spring out of the Lake after it.

No bait ever tried will tempt the famous charr of this or the neighbouring Lakes. This delicious fish is caught in nets, principally in the winter season, and potted for presents. The grey trout of this Lake, grows to thirty or forty pounds weight, and goes up the brooks and rivers to spawn, and takes up its abode in the deepest part of the water at other times, and therefore is very seldom caught. The brooks which empty themselves into Windermere afford trout in great abundance ; and the large eels may be seen sprawling on the grassy bottom of the Lake like a country inhabited by innumerable serpents. These are taken early in the morning by bearded spears
fixed

fixed on the end of long poles. But this is a dangerous diversion ; for as the bottom of clear water always appears nearer than it is, the unexperienced striker finds the eel more distant than he expected, and frequently tumbles over the side of the boat.

The station on this side the Lake, for views, are many and various. The walk from Low Wood House to the Dove's Nest, is sylvan and pretty—A hill above Miller Ground affords a grand picture: and higher still, in a field near the crosses, a bird's eye view of the Lake, surrounded by huge broken and rocky mountains, is awful and sublime ! Should the day be a little overcast, and the sun's rays break partially through the clouds on some rugged eminence, then have we Gilpin's ideas made manifest of characteristic landscape, and the contrast between huge masses of light and shade. The golden tints where the rays strike—the strait rays, in pencils, streaming before a black mountain—and perhaps a black
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showers springing suddenly up, and frowning in its passage over all, are Alpine effects, unseen in flat countries, and afford rational wonder to the painter, the naturalist, and the philosopher.

I am, &c.

LETTER.

L E T T E R X I I I .

D E A R S I R ,

Ulverstone, Aug. 18, 1791.

WE now leave Low Wood, and along the verge of the Lake have a pleasing couple of miles to Ambleside.

This is a straggling little market town, made up of rough-cast white houses, but charmingly situated in the center of three radiant vallies, *i. e.* all issuing from the town as from a center. This shews the propriety of the Roman station situated near the west end of this place, called Amboglana, commanding one of the most difficult passes in England, for an enemy could not possibly get through this part of the country without passing this station. Roman bricks, pots, broken altars, and coins, are frequently found near its site, which is now an undefined heap of earth. A few weeks ago some neighbouring gentlemen had the

1275-

Beautiful woods rise half way up the sides of the mountains from Ambleside, and seem wishful to cover the naked asperities of the country, but the iron works calling for them in the character of charcoal, every fourteen or fifteen years, expose the nakedness of the country. Among these woods and mountains are many frightful precipices and roaring cascades. In a still evening several are heard at once, in various keys, forming a kind of savage music. One half a mile above the town, in a wood, seems upwards of an hundred feet fall—about as much water as is in the New River precipitates itself over a perpendicular rock into a natural basin, E where

where it seems to recover from its fall, before it takes a second and a third tumble over huge stones that break it into a number of streams. It suffers not this outrage quietly, for it grumbles through hollow glens and stone cavities all the way, till it meets the Rothay, when it quietly enters the Lake.

These mountains produce a hardy breed of small sheep, of sweet mutton, and coarse wool. This wool is spun by the women, and woven into linsey woolsey by the men; and this is the principal manufacture through the whole of this part of Westmoreland and Lancashire.

The thin blue slate, so much esteemed in London, is got in perpendicular strata in several of these mountains; and though its lamella divides perpendicularly, the lime-stone strata lies nearly horizontal, though both may be in the same mountain. This blue rag is the general stone of the country—called *Lava* by some, and *Whinstone* by others; but,

but, for my own part, I conceive it to be a kind of *Basaltes*, though it does not crystalize, like the Giant's causeway in Ireland, or Fingal's Cave in the Hebrides, in five, six, or eight sides; but it lies in a kind of cubical or rhomboidal blocks, and splits like island crystal, running in a kind of vein through several mountains in the same direction. This slate is ferried down Windermere, and embarks a few miles below on Ulverstone Bay for different countries.

Ascending up Kirkstone along the above Roman road, with much difficulty ⁴³ and fatigue, though a carriage may travel over it, we turn often round to feast our eyes with the green and wooded vales below, and are struck with several Tumuli near the summit, one near as large as that at Marlborough. From the summit, the view of Patterdale down a steep glen of eight or nine miles in depth, is (to form a Lilliputian idea) like viewing a landscape through a frame of rock-work—but such rock-work!

conceive, O reader! yourself hemmed in a road between rocks twice the height of St. Paul's, rugged, over-hanging, precipice above precipice! seeming ready to tumble upon you!—Eagles flying over your head, and a brawling brook dashing over great stones at your feet! Except Mount Cenis I never saw such a passage.

A small lake, called Broadwater, affords some striking views to relieve the horror and tedium occasioned by this frightful glen; and soon we arrive among flat meadows that beautify the borders of Ulswater.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

DEAR SIR,

Ulverstone, Aug. 18, 1791.

ULSWATER Lake is furrounded by lofty mountains like Windermere, but is very inferior in picturesque beauty: the stile is, however, so similar, that description is almost needless.

Dunmallard, seen over the Lake, is a round planted hill that contrasts well with the naked mountains about it; and from Hartsop-high-field is a grand view, enlivened by the singular manner in which the inhabitants bring slate down a precipice.

Saddledack seems to brave Heaven with its many-pointed tops, and in some views seems the king of the mountains with a crown upon its head.

Greystock Castle, a seat of the Duke of Norfolk, is a good house in the

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border

border stile, and the country about it romantic, and in parts rich.

Dalemain, belonging to — Hazle, Esq. also diversifies, with a good house and gardens, the road to Penrith. This town is built of red freestone, but has a neat appearance, and affords every comfort after the fatigue of such a journey. In the church yard are two single stone pillars, about four yards high, and five yards distant, said to stand at the head and feet of a huge giant, and thence called *The Giant's Grave*.

King Arthur's Round Table is but a little distance from Penrith, but is now only a circular mound of earth, little bigger than a country cock-pit.

A very perfect beacon yet stands on a hill as a monument of feudal barbarism.

Taking Ulfwater in our route to Keswick, we call at Water Millock, where the house of John Robinson, Esq. affords
different

different views from every window, and a gun fired here produces the loud reiterated noise of thunder, and two French horns the effect of the sweetest concert: nothing the ear can convey to the mind approaches so near to enchantment! The distant mountains returning the report one after another, will continue the sound of a gun for twenty seconds, insomuch that when it seems to have ceased, in a few seconds you hear it again. This effect is still more striking on the Lake, near Hallen Mountain, when the astonished ear would believe the whole chaos of rocks tumbling to the center!

Wild as the scenes are, they are too wild and diversified for the painter—the whole is sublime and astonishing, but the parts in general are too ragged and broken for a picture. This is particularly the attribute of the views from Lyulph's Tower, except the famous cascade called Airey Force. Here a considerable body of water falls near 40 yards perpendicular, with a tremendous

noise, over craggy rocks, and if seen from the dark glen below, exhibits by its spray a vivid rainbow. Above this water-fall (up which no fish could ascend), and in many other brooks full of cascades, we meet with great plenty of trout. Louthembourg has rather given the character of the country than a portrait of its parts; his blue tints assimilate ill with the black complexion of these mountains: but as the painter said to an homely lady, "Madam, I must not spoil my picture by a likeness," so this ingenious artist has adopted the same address, and made excellent pictures out of many bad subjects. Farrington has been more faithful, with less art: his views make good prints, but do not give the character of the country. It is difficult to select, where Nature surrounds you with profusion. Gilpin, without a portrait, has given the character of the country; and his water-tints very happily express its bold features, without minutiae.

These are remarks from memory—I have neither books nor pictures with me:
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nor will I look at one or the other, if they fall in my way, while on this Tour: being resolved to write on the spot the dictates of the moment, uninfluenced by any opinion, and to make these remarks a true copy of my own feelings.

Gowbarrow is an extensive but open park, and was some years ago covered with tall oak wood. At its upper end is Glencoyne, a hollow wooded valley, into which the sun never shines the whole months of November, December, and January. At the head of this glen, Helvellyn is seen with its snow-covered head often above the clouds. This is certainly the highest mountain in England, and appears to me higher than Ben Lomond in Scotland.

Patterdale, at the head of the Lake, seems an exclusion from all the world. Shut in by mountains on one side, and by water on the other, the traveller is ready to turn his horse round, and conclude he can get no farther. Yet this

was once the seat of mirth, innocence,
and hospitality. Alas ! since a banditti
of profligate miners introduced vice and
disease into their happy valley, they may
sing with old Hoggart, of Troutbeck, at
page 111. ~

These joyful days are now forgot
That once we had in Patterdale,
When for sixpence we could have had a pot,
That held a gallon of good ale, &c.
Then curds and cream we plenty had,
And many a fillabub was made, &c,

I am, &c.

LETTER

L E T T E R X V I .

D E A R S I R ,

Keswick, August 19, 1791:

FROM Patterdale we return by the Penrith road through Glowbarrow-park into the Keswick road near Thul-keld. Near the ninth mile stone is a beautiful view of the environs of Keswick. The mountains bound it on each side, and the woody vale between them is intersected by white rills, which look like so many chains of silver. On every side the scene is chequered with elegant variety — corn-fields verdant meadows — peaceful cottages — silent gloomy thickets, with great masses of majestic shade formed by a retiring sun. Solitude and peace reign here undisturbed, except by the rattling Tourist, who excites envy and false ideas of happiness among the peaceful inhabitants ; for now it ceases to excite laughter or contempt when the ruddy lass forgets her dialect, and appears at church in a tall bonnet,

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fluttering

fluttering with ribbands. Turnpike-roads have destroyed provincial manners and provincial dialects. For, as Goldsmith says, "Fashions now not only travel to the exteriors of the kingdom in stage coaches, but in the very basket." Every place in this island is now only London out of town. I could once have traced the exact extent of the various dialects of England: I traced the limits of the Saxon burr (or what is called the Newcastle burr) from Haddington in Scotland to Chester le street in the county of Durham, and made its western boundary the mountains that divide Northumberland from Cumberland. This singular croak is produced by pronouncing the R with the middle of the tongue instead of the tip. In Westmoreland there were whole vallies of *Deans*, all relations, and known when they could get out of their native hollows by their red heads, and their language being like the baaing of sheep. The Scots having possessed, and mixed with the people of this county, have left
the

the broad *noo* and *hoo* instead of *now* and *how*, which effectually distinguishes them from their neighbours in Lancashire, whose *how* and *now* is more liquid than those in the south. I would call this the Mercian dialect, as it reached, without much variation, from the north of Lancashire through Cheshire, Shropshire, Staffordshire, and Worcestershire: or, if you will, the whole extent of the kingdom of Mercia. Dialects more south and east have run too much into one another to admit of definition; and ere long that will be the case with the whole kingdom.

In respect to manners and customs, they were for centuries transmitted from father to son, and much remains to be obliterated yet, before the people here will be like the rest of the kingdom. Though all are Protestants, many Roman Catholic customs remain, without the people of the country being at all conscious of it: in their marriages, funerals, festivals, and superstitions; in
their

their œconomy, domestic manners, and common employments ; nay, their country music, of the serious kind, partakes still of the Romish chaunt. The mountain spirit of independence and liberty lingers yet among them, as well as the hardy, daring, warlike, and manly firmness of mind by which their forefathers repelled the Scots, and preserved the border from their incursions. Sorry am I to see this generous spirit prostituted in waging over a market-day pot, or misled into violence by aristocratic influence. When this baneful prostitution cannot be kept out of almost inaccessible mountains, no wonder it has over run the rest of the kingdom.

But to return to Thulkeld, and leave a hateful disease that only reason and honesty can cure, let us again turn our eyes on the grand and sublime of Nature, and despise the littleness of human systems and petty competitions. This village is in the Barony of Greystock—the inhabitants freeholders (except a few, like the

the many, under border-tenure in other parts of this country, which are arbitrary and under the Earl of Lonsdale—*more the pity!*) Near this is the Vale of St. John's. I shudder when I enter this Vale! Two days after a water-spout fell here I saw its devastations, and have the clearest idea of it to this hour, though then a child. It was in August of the year 1749, when in two hours the whole Vale was filled with water, many feet deep—not a bridge, wall, or house was left in it. A mill was so effectually erased, that one of its stones has not been found to this day! and a little above it, the side of the mountain was excavated into a gully that would hold St. Paul's! This rich Vale has been (in part) rendered inarable ever since; and in some parts of it, stones of twenty tons weight (washed from the mountain) are piled up in heaps by the inundation, to a dozen yards in height, and bids defiance to all attempts at removal.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

DEAR SIR,

Kewick, Aug. 20, 1791.

SADDLEBACK figures in the scenery of this Vale, a frightfully broken mountain on one side, and pretty smooth on the other. On its top are hideous chasms of near a thousand yards deep! and near it a lake or tarn (as the country people call a small lake) that seems the mouth of an extinguished volcano. Many vitrified substances found on this mountain make this conjecture not improbable, though I must confess I think *water* rather than *fire* has been the agent concerned in the formation of these mountains:

or Castle Rigg - p. 106

The road to Castriog is romantic, though rich and cultivated; and on the hill is a Druidical monument, consisting of about fifty stones (placed in a circle), of such size as would almost bid defiance to the machinery and friction balls used

to

to remove the huge stone in the square of Petersburg ; and what is very extraordinary, these stones are of a kind not to be found within many miles of this place.

But the mind is called from reflections on the use or antiquity of this temple, by the fine view these mountains afford, viz. the Vale and Lake of Kewick ! Yet, ah ! how fallen since I saw it in the year 1749 before-mentioned, when the Crow Park, Fryer Cragg, Lord's island, and indeed all the shores and islands of this beautiful Lake were covered with tall oaks. The view must have been striking, when a child of ten years old had such an impression made by it, as not to be erased by forty years ; nay, I think I could draw it from memory at this hour, if I had time. The wood was so even at top (each tree being about eighteen yards high, and very thick) that it looked like a field, and the branches so interwoven, that boys would have gone from tree to tree like squirrels. The Crow-
park

park is now a plowed field, and a fine station for the landscape-painter. Most of the lands which surround the Lake were forfeited by the Earl of Derwentwater, and appropriated by Government to the maintenance of Greenwich Hospital, so that it was with difficulty that Lord William Gordon, Mr. Pocklington, Mr. Stevenson, &c. could procure land to build their villas upon. These villas, however, have polished the rugged shores of the Lake, and make up in some degree for the loss of its fine woods.

I am told that the Lake contains near thirteen hundred acres, in which is included St. Herbert's island, Vicar's
 * island, Lord's island, Rampsholm, Longholm, Trippet-holm, Otter island, and the Floating island. This last is a singular curiosity, something of the nature of Solway Moss, that some years ago floated apparently on dry land. This Floating island is about twenty yards in diameter, nearly circular, and slopes from
 * *Vicar's, or Pocklington Island* its

its center : It seems an assemblage of matted moss-roots, under which a brook (swelled by great rains) insinuates itself, and swells it above the surface of the Lake : hence it only appears in rainy weather, and sinks to the bottom in dry.

The other islands once broke the level equality of the Lake into striking interruptions. They do so yet in some degree ; but when Art joins Rapine to deface a country, the eye must turn to immoveables for relief ; and no where will the eye see objects to more advantage than on the Lake. Look at Wallow Cragg from the vicinity of Lord's island, an enormous mass of rock 1500 feet high, and you might suppose you could take a lover's leap from its top into the Lake ! Get under this huge promontory if you dare, and then every beauty of the Lake, and all that is grand and sublime around it, lie stretched out before you ! Beauty, Horror, and Magnificence, contend like the Three Goddesses for the
Apple

Apple of Approbation!—The imagination demands a Claud for the cultivated vales, the white scattered cottages, the glassy Lake, and its wooded isles. But a Salvator alone could dash out the frowning steep, the broken cliff, the hanging wood, the foaming water fall, and the majesty of cloud-capt impending mountains!—A cockney would suppose an air-balloon the only vehicle by which these could be visited: get into your carriage, and you will find a good road round the whole Lake. But do not sleep in it; alight on every eminence, and every eminence will afford you a new and interesting prospect; nay, if you look only through the windows, you will see woods, rocks, cliffs, mountains, vanishing or rising into view, assuming new and romantic shapes at every turn, or losing themselves behind rolling clouds. Stop at Lodore, and above the little inn there is a wonderful view of the Lake, and Skiddow as a back ground. This place seems a door into Borrowdale, and almost shut up by a huge overhanging
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rock, that seems to threaten destruction to the wight who dares to invade a place which nothing but eagles had visited till within these last thirty years.

A little above this, among and over wood-clad rocks, foams the tremendous cascade of Lodore! dashing from rock to rock with a hideous roar, that may be heard many miles. But in the time of a flood, it seems to despise the gradation by which it usually descends, and flies over rocks and shrubs in one vast sheet, upwards of 200 feet high! it requires no small resolution to persevere in a visit to Borrowdale, when the entrance so powerfully assaults both the eyes and ears; but your courage will be rewarded by a scene of the wildest sequestration that perhaps ever excited human curiosity. The road is by high Lodore, to Grange, a pretty village, with a ruin on a spiral rock,* from whence this stone vale is seen to great advantage. Imagination would say, that after the world was finished the rubbish

* *Castle Cragg* -

was

was thrown here ! One wonders how the inhabitants could scratch a little bread from among the stones ! for the whole vale seems made of rocks and stones, and it may be called the World's end without a metaphor ! Nature, however, has not left it without its riches ; the best, and almost the only black lead in the world is got here, in such abundance, that I have many years ago bought a pound for sixpence, though now it is sold as high as thirty shillings ! The mines are shut up by strong doors, and only opened at intervals.

The slate quarries may also be reckoned among the natural riches of this vale, as well as a salt spring near Manefty, that cures cutaneous disorders by washing ; and The Morasses here are covered with wild myrtle (called *gale*), that sends forth a fragrant effluvia

If prospects be your passion, climb a rock at the water-head near Hardendale Knott, and the Lake with its islands

islands spread out beneath your feet. Dr. Brownrigg's white house at the foot of Skiddow—the white church of Crosthwaite,* and the white town of Keswick, beautifully spot the middle ground; and Skiddow (like Mount Ida), with its double top, forms a majestic back-ground. This is not a station for a painter, the objects are too many, and occupy too great a portion of the horizon. Behind, the view is made up of mighty rocks, piled up on one another in every fantastic form—Pine-apples—artichoaks; nay, conceive a piece of sugar-candy magnified to an hundred times the size of St. Paul's, and that may assist the imagination. The sail from Hardendale Knott, in an afternoon when the sun shines on Skiddow, is charming; the several bays and creeks on the side of Branley-park succeed one another in varied beauty; so do the islands. But you must now wish for your dinner; so we take leave of you once more at Keswick, and to-morrow we mount old father Skiddow—

So farewell.

* *Branley-park*
* *Its Vicarage views p. 101 —*

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

DEAR SIR,

Keswick, Aug. 23, 1791.

TO shew you as much as I can of this romantic country, I must take you a roundabout road over Skiddow, *or Skiddaw.* —

Leaving Keswick, we ascend a little hill above Portinscale, where a fine view opens of Bassinethwaite Lake. The dark blue mountains above Thornthwaite seem as if they had grown out of flat verdant fields. The landscape is spotted with white houses, and the back ground is the steepest side of Skiddow, sun-burnt into a reddish-brown colour. The road by Ulloak and Great Brathwaite, is wild and winding; but on Brathwaite-brow is a bird's-eye view of the Vale of Keswick, that pays well for the fatigue of climbing to it. Here Skiddow and Helvellyn, the highest mountains in England, are seen together; the first 1156 yards above Bassinethwaite Lake, and the other 1245 yards above Ullswater.

Pouter-

Pouter-How, in this ride, is a pretty building, under a hill of oaks, contrasted by a rugged mountain covered with loose stones; and the road all along the border of the Lake, through Wythopbrow, is on a steep bank covered with fine oaks. The opposite side of the Lake is seen sprinkled with fine houses; among which the elegant mansion of Mr. Storey, called Mitre-House, is seen to great advantage.

After winding round huge rocks and bogs above a mile, we arrive at Ouze-bridge, at the foot of the Lake, where it degenerates into a river bearing the name of Darwent, to Workington, where (after having amused us in so many ways) it empties itself into the sea. At Ouze-bridge is a pleasantly-situated Inn, where the horse regatta took place in the year 1780. This whimsical piece of amusement was, to take a number of horses into the middle of the Lake, to sink the *boat* under them, and the first horse that swam to shore was the winner.

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At

At this place is a pretty seat of Mr. Curwen's, M. P. and Armathwaite, at a little distance above the Lake, is a beautiful seat of Mr. Spedding's.

We now begin to ascend lofty Skiddow. The road inclines round it to the north-east, to lessen the declivity; but the horses of the country climb it very well. We visit some rocks, with large regular cavities like large cauldrons, and thence called *bell kettles*. These excavations, I apprehend, must be worn by pebbles, kept in a circular motion by the eddies in those dreadful torrents of water that tumble down mountains when heavy rains fall. The rich country about Carlisle, Sebergham, Wigton, &c. now begins to appear; but the mountain grows so steep, and nothing but a sheep track for the road, that I alight from my galloway, and lead him to the summit. Before we reached it, we passed through a stratum of fog that threatened to hide from us the distant objects we came to see. Fortunately it did

did not cover the top, so we rose above it, and saw it like an undulating sea beneath our feet. O ! how we prayed for a storm of thunder and lightning in this cloud ! but our prayer was not heard—the fog dispersed—the curtain was drawn up, and displayed to our naked eyes the coast of Scotland, the Isle of Man, the Welsh mountains, &c. With a refracting telescope we saw the sheep on Mount Creffel on the coast of Galloway, * and some of our company believed they saw the mountains of Mourn in Ireland. The view at hand was a sea of mountains ; and, like the waves of that turbulent element, thrown in all forms and directions. The Lake of Keswick appeared like a small bason, and its beautiful vale like a landscape seen in a show box.

While the fog continued, we heard the lowing of cattle from the bottom of the mountain as if they had been close at hand ; and considering the rolling surface of fog as a sea, the sound appeared to come

F 2

from

* *Griff Fell, in the Shire of Annan.*

from the bottom of it. This effect was surprizing, and accounts for the long reiterated sound of thunder. One of our company fired a gun: the reverberation from the different mountains continued twenty seconds, and was thunder in all its horrors!

Our levels were now fixed, and we found Helvelyn and Crossfell higher than Skiddow. The barometer fell to 26 3; and the thermometer to 51, though in the valley it stood at 79 Fahrenheit's scale. *See page 96.*

After drinking our friends in the nether world, we began to descend on the Kefwick side of the mountain, down a sheep track, steep and rugged: but here we had nothing to mind but our feet, till we arrived at Armathwaite,^x the seat of the ingenious Doctor Brownrigg, who opened the way to the discovery of fixed air, by his judicious analysis of the Pyrmont and Spa waters. This house makes a good feature in the vale of

^x *Query. Crossthwaite. p. 95—* Kefwick;

Keswick; and though snugly, is elegantly seated at the foot of Skiddow. The Vicarage^x is said to afford the sweetest view of any in this country. It is certainly very fine, and but little out of the road to Keswick.

** Crosthwaite parsonage p. 95.
It is the Ch. to Keswick*

I am, &c.

F 3

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

DEAR SIR,

Kewick, August 25, 1791.

* **A**RMATHWAITE has been more considerable formerly than now; but being the general head quarters of numerous Tourists, it improves fast, particularly in inns and accommodation; and the inhabitants begin to feel, as at watering places, to make the summer provide for the winter.

(*Mr. Hutton, is meant*)

In this town there is a Will Wimble, of great use to inquisitive Tourists; this officious *Ciceroni* shews off the lions* of the town and neighbourhood to great advantage. He is commander in chief when a Squadron of boats attack Poclington's island, and carry the cellars sword in hand. He also possesses a museum of local fossils and other curiosities, that prove very useful for a lounge on a wet day; and many such days we must endure if we stay long at

Kew.

misprint

* *Instead of Armathwaite Read This Town has been, &c He means Kewick - Armathwaite is a lone house 8 m. distant at orange bridge, as page 90 at top.*

* *Lions, means Novelties as "Walk in, & the Lions" ~*

Keswick. The suddenness of the showers surprize strangers; for at a time when the sky is clear, and every other indication of a fine day, a black cloud will start up instantly from behind a mountain, and if you are not very near a house, ten to one you are wet before you can run an hundred yards. The mountain winds are also an annoyance; for the reflection of the sun's rays from rock to rock, heats the air of the valleys so much, that, to restore a level or an equilibrium, the cold air from the mountains rushes down their sides with a troublesome impetuosity.

The moon was at full—the evening fine—and, remembering a nocturnal expedition on the Lake, many years since, a repetition of it was recommended, and as readily complied with by the party. Two French horns were placed in a convenient echo on shore, and we embarked on the glassy bosom of the Lake, directing the horns to play by intervals. Let no man visit Keswick without a sail

by moon-light! The scene is so placid, so tranquil, it sooths every care, and harmonizes the most jarring passions!—We rest on our oars and listen to the horns—Echo makes them a full concert! Every rock lends its sweet voice in wild accompaniment—those at a distance in soft *piano*, and these at hand in bold *fortissimo*! The accommodating ear, prone to deceive itself, hears flutes, violins, and clarinets, in this assemblage; while Lodore thunders a ground bass with its roaring cascade! Now a gentle breeze carries away the sound, and Lodore alters his key:—the breeze ceases, and the music descends again upon us!—Is it a choir of Angels ascending and descending? Is it Fairy ground realized? or an Arabian Night's Entertainment?—Reason gives the reign to Imagination, and visions play before the fascinated senses—Sylphs and fairies cease to have only poetical existence—the eye beholds them and the ear hears them! Tritons blow their shells round the boat, and join the general harmony!—Blest Imagination!

what

what is reason or philosophy without thee !—How should we get through this vale of tears without thy help ? Call that rock a giant—This the dread chimera—That a centaur—Make every mount a monster, for among the undefined forms that surround us, the mind may mould a new creation.

But let us awake from this dream. The music ceases and silence ensues that may almost be felt. Again we ply our oars and express our happiness :—again we mark the mellow light and shade, and the soft mantle thrown by Luna “ o’er the face of things.” Where are fled thy horrors, Wallow Cragg ? Skiddow becomes a colourless contour—the rocks of Borrowdale a paste. Now quivers a stream of mild effulgence o’er the Lake, pointing to us, with the moon impending below it. The downward shrubs hanging from the rocks, stand upright in the Lake, and seem by reflection a wood below the bottom of our boat—So smooth our motion, the

islands seem to approach us, and we are at rest. The whole landscape is in motion—the indented horizon puts on new indentations every moment.—We land, and the enchantment ceases!

“ Adieu ye sylvan delights! Rocky Kefwick, adieu!” Care calls me to the Capital, and I must obey her obdurate commands.—Oft do I look behind me, as I climb thy prospect yielding hill, O Castrigg. *yr. 88. ~*

Farwell!

LETTER

LETTER XX.

DEAR SIR,

Keswick, August 27, 1791.

THYRLMERE, alias Leathes-Water, alias Withburn-Water, makes its appearance.—We approach it by Leathes-Park, and are presently hemmed in by this ant-like Lake, and lofty Helvelyn (this name is certainly Celtic). The scene degenerates, though we are travelling the skirts of the highest mountain in England. In vain we look for its top from the road; nothing salutes the eye but large loose stones, that seem to threaten destruction to the traveller below. They say a thunder shower tumbling down this mountain in numberless cascades is a singular and an alarming spectacle.

Wythburn, at the head of this Lake, is a scattered group of poor houses; every thing about it looks cold and

F 6

comfort-

comfortless. The salary of its wretched chapel was two pounds ten shillings *per annum* until Queen Ann's bounty was procured for it. Before this the clergyman had what the people call here a *whittlegate* among his congregation, viz. he lived from house to house among them, and his stay was in proportion to the circumstances of his entertainer. The principal landholder here is obliged to keep a bull, a stallion, and a boar, for the use of his neighbours.

The road to Raife Gap is very good, and of an easy ascent. By some this boundary of the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland is called Dunmail Raife, perhaps from the cairn or large tumulose raised over the body of Dunmail, King of Cumberland, who is said to have been slain here by our Saxon Edmund, and Malcolm King of Scotland. This monument is so near the road that a stranger cannot miss it. *

Helm Cragg is here a notable object; something like a large castle blown up
 * It can be nothing more than a by
*boundary - The Wall between the
 two Counties crosses its Center. R.*

by gunpowder ; and snug beneath an amphitheatre of mountains lurks the sweet vale of Grasmere. This seems a retreat for Arcadian shepherds, guarded by almost inaccessible rocks from the vices and follies of the world. A beautiful Lake is in the middle of this round vale ; and in the middle of the Lake a large wooded island. A flat peninsula also pushes itself into the Lake, on which stands a village of white houses, and a picturesque church. The road is a terrace to this sequestered scene, and invites the Tourist to alight and walk.

Rydal Water next attracts notice. It is a small Lake beautifully spotted with little islands, and from it rises a vast mountain, covered half way up with woods. And now the ancient seat of the Flemings salutes the eye with its white face—it sticks in the end of a craggy mountain like a bird's-nest in a broken wall. It is an old aukward house, but beautifully situated at the foot of several inclining vallies, having the town and vale of Ambleside, with Windermere

mere Lake, full in front. The large and ancient woods that clothe the sides of the surrounding mountains—the rich pastures at their bottoms, contrasted with the rocks and cascades above, make the seat of Sir Michael le Fleming a curiosity at least, if it has no pretensions to magnificence.

Above the house and through a wood of fantastic old trees, we are led to a cascade of great fall, among rocks that break it into sheets in all downward directions: and near the house is another, seen through the window of a summer-house. This has a striking effect; for over the head of the cascade is an old bridge, and over that a thicket of tall trees—and *over that* a dark mountain—and *over that* perhaps a dark cloud. In short, an artificial night gives a solemnity to the noise and indistinct view of this cascade, that fills the mind with terror and amazement.

Good Night.

LETTER.

LETTER XXI.

DEAR SIR,

Kendal, Sept. 1, 1791.

FROM Rydall Hall we pass over a little of our former ground, viz. by Ambleside, Low-Wood, and Trout^xbeck-Bridge. We then leave the Bowness road, and strike off upon the left to Kendal. At Oresthead we take a parting view of Windermere, and a very good station it is either for the Painter or the Tourist. ^{x 82}

Ings Chapel next attracts our attention as an elegant building, and more particularly by its history. About the beginning of this century one Bateman, a poor lad of about sixteen, had acquired a little knowledge of arithmetic, and wished to try his fortune in the Capital. He had neither money nor friends; but a laudable custom of the country operated in his favour, viz. after service the congregation assemble and

and make a collection to help forward indigent merit. With this bounty in his pocket, he set off on foot, and was soon made happy in a place where he had plenty of victuals, and nothing to do but clean the shoes, the knives, and the stables. It was soon found out that he neither sold his master's hay, wore his shoes, or pilfered candle-ends, or kitchen fat; nay, moreover, that he could read and write. This necessarily brought him into the warehouse, where he acquitted himself so well, that the counting-house succeeded. The Merchant into whose family he had the good fortune to stumble, had large concerns in Italy. Our hero was sent to Leghorn as a Factor, where he commenced Merchant himself, and, in a few years, acquired such a fortune that he sent over money to rebuild the church where he received his first donation, and also a handsome house seen on the left a little further.

I am

I am happy to rescue from oblivion this Westmoreland Whittington, and wish I could finish his history as well as it began. Alas ! he wound up his affairs, put his property and himself on board his last ship, and was coming to enjoy himself, and make his native country happy, when he died in the Straits of Gibraltar, not without suspicion of poison. The ship returned—the property was lost.

Kendal is a clean looking town, and consists principally of one street, about a mile long. The houses are built of the rough stone of the country, so hard that it bids defiance to the chissel ; the interstices are filled up with rough cast mortar, and gives the houses a white and uncommon appearance. The walking part of the street is paved with limestone pebbles, so very slippery, that the inhabitants acquire a catch in their walk, as if on the ice ; and strangers often get a fall. Like most country towns, it is made up of good and bad houses oddly mixed

mixed together. It boasts no public building of note, except its church, which is one of the largest parish churches in England. The old Castle, on a round hill opposite the town, is a fine ruin. It incloses about an acre and an half of ground, and has consisted of round and square towers, united by curtains, built on the inner bank of a deep, dry ditch, furrounding the whole. The vaults (of great extent) remain, and the plan of the interior dwelling may be easily traced. The walls are of vast thickness, consisting of rough stones thrown promiscuously together; and united into an impenetrable solid by fluid mortar, now as hard as the stone itself. The situation is noble. An high hill in the middle of a vale is a fine object of itself; but when crowned with a castle in ruins it is a picture. It was in possession of many eminent families long before the Conquest. The Taillebois, the Howards, &c. have possessed it since; Catherine Parr, the Queen of Henry VIII. was born here, and many of the Barons of Kendal

Kendal who resided here, possessed half the county for an estate.

The town looks well from the castle. The Ken washes its skirts*, and high ground behind screens it from the north.

On the declivity of this ground is a tumulose as large as that at Marlborough, and no doubt covers the remains of some ancient warrior. On this hill, in 1788, an obelisk was erected, sacred to Liberty and the memory of the Revolution.

The material that furnishes bread for the numerous manufacturers of Kendal, is the coarse wool of the neighbouring mountains. This is wove into Linsey, and into blankets for the North American Indians; hence the little hills above the town are surrounded with tenters, which

* Would to God it washed away the horrid stench the tanners make, who lime and contaminate the river.

which adds another singularity to the appearance of this place.

Knit-stockings is another article that employs many thousands of women; but Lincolnshire wool must be mixed with the staple of the country to make good stockings. Silk and cotton have also crept into their simple fabricks as luxury increases.

The trade of this town will be much benefited by the Lancaster Canal now in contemplation. The reciprocation in this work will be coals and limestone. Westmoreland wants coals, Lancashire limestone. This Canal is intended to reach from Kendal to Lancaster, and from thence to Preston, where it will join the Leeds and Liverpool Canal, and open a water-communication with every part of the kingdom. Every friend to the trade and enterprizing spirit of these countries must give their hearty support, or hearty good wishes to this undertaking. It embraces the general good. Private views
seem

seem banished from the fair and open propositions now offered to public patronage, by the disinterested and judicious patriots who have estimated its practicability. It seems very wonderful that in this uneven country, a canal should be capable of extending 90 miles without a lock.

We return to Lancaster, and returning to town by the same rout with which we set out, here ends my journal.

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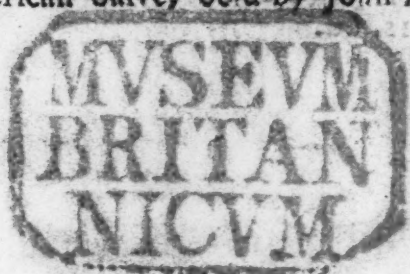
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